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burghers as they came forth from the Calais town hall on their way to the English camp—in their shirts, barefooted, bareheaded, ropes round their necks, in their hands the keys of the city and the citadel. The centre figure is old Eustache de St. Pierre, who first gave the noble example of self-sacrifice to his fellow-citizens. This figure in attitude and expression fully realizes the artist's wish to personify heroic patriotism. Leaning his hand on his neighbor's shoulder stands Jean d'Aire, evidently in need of encouragement. Jacques de Bissant hides his face in his hands, while his brother Pierre turns his head aside so as not to see the tearful faces of his wife and children. Two other burghers, whose names Froissart has forgotten to mention, also express by their attitudes the cruel situation they are in. The general effect of the group is thoroughly human and natural. Here are six men who are heroically determined to sacrifice their lives in order to save their native city from destruction, yet we see, too, that however great their moral courage, they are influenced physically by the feelings common to all men when suddenly brought face to face with the prospect of a violent end. The artist has carefully avoided all exaggeration of gesture or theatrical expression of countenance. The six burghers go forth simply, nobly, like men who feel that they are doing their duty and no more. There is a philosophical lesson in this group which we may all turn to account.

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We can afford to extend a warm welcome to Rodin, if, in fact, we shall have the good fortune to be able to welcome him before the American public.

JOHN BROWN'S WHISTLE

OF the many personal relics of John Brown, a collection of which is being made for exhibition at the World's Fair, is one in Georgetown, D. C., that has as yet escaped the vigilance of the collectors. It is the battered old silver whistle with which the fiery old fanatic used to summon his followers to his secret meetings in the stormy days just before the war. It was formerly held by Colonel Lewis Washington, the proprietor of the Dunbarton estate in old Georgetown, who was present with Lee when Brown with his little handful of followers was captured.

All that search revealed upon his person was a bunch of keys, a very little money and this old whistle. He gave up the money and keys without protest, but pleaded for the whistle, which, of course, insured his not getting it. It was carelessly tossed into Colonel Washington's secretary, where it lay for years, until its present owner, a cousin of the colonel, happened to see it and asked for it as a curiosity. The request was readily granted, for with the colonel the old hero of Osawatimie was naught but a vagabond fillibusterer, and the only comment he made was: "Take it if you want it. I only wonder why I kept the d— thing so long as I have." Thus the relic came to its present resting place.

Its form is best described, says the Washington *Post*, by likening it to a long-tailed tadpole that had grown a dorsal fin the length of its body. What corresponds to the tale is a slender pipe, through which a current of air is blown flutewise across the hollow bulb at the end, giving a thin yet mellow sound of peculiar timbre that is very penetrating. Residents of the Ferry said, after the capture, that for weeks before they had heard that whistle sound at night without knowing its meaning. But the negroes knew it, and for them it was the engine whistle of the underground railway that carried so many of them away from sunny Dixie, northward to the land of frost and freedom.

Some prices at a recent sale in London were: "Comic History of England and Rome," by G. A. à Beckett, £8 5s.; Cruikshank's "The Humorist," first edition, colored etching, £38; first edition of the "Pickwick Papers," presentation copy to "Thomas Milton, Esq.," £10; complete set of George Eliot's works, £31 10s.; Stockdale's edition of "Æsop's Fables," £8 10s.; "La Fontaine's Fables," 1787, £9 2s. 6d.; early English manuscript Bible, on thin vellum, about 1275, in style similar to that of the William of Devon manuscript Bible in the British Museum, £24 10s.; manuscript Horæ, on vellum, end of the fourteenth century, £15; Montesquieu's "Le Temple de Guide," large paper, £13; first edition of the "English Dance of Death," by Rowlandson, £10; the Fragonard edition of "La Fontaine," rare, 12 guineas; another copy, in English verse, privately printed, 1814, £21; J. Northcote's "Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds," with anecdotes of distinguished persons, etc., £25; Horace Walpole's "Memoirs of the Reign of George II.," edited by Lord Holland, first edition, £19 15s.; Brayley's "Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Theatres of London," plates by Havell, inlaid to folio size, £33; "Tower Records," a large folio volume with manuscript papers and original documents, a unique collection, £15.

THE POSTMAN'S BAG

WHO WAS GEORGE SAUNDERS?

To the Editor of THE COLLECTOR:

Referring to Mr. Smalley's remark that a first folio Shakespeare may yet turn up in "uncut" condition, I desire to ask if a folio can ever properly be said to be "uncut?"

In another column Mr. Treadwell speaks of the "famous old Breeches Bible" of 1614. I understand the Breeches Bible to be simply identical with the Genevan Version, of which Lowndes says about fifty editions were printed within thirty years, the first edition appearing in 1560. It is certainly not rare, and having fallen entirely into disuse, while the text of older versions is still adhered to in the Psalter of the Episcopal Church, it can hardly be looked on as very "famous."

Can any of your readers tell me anything of George Saunders, a popular miniature painter of half a century ago? I have come into possession of some facts in his history and would like to learn more.

J. E. S.

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THE FIRST PLAYBILL

Dear COLLECTOR:

Can you give me any information as to the origin and antiquity of theatrical playbills, of which I have since boyhood been

A COLLECTOR.

It was the custom of early English actors to announce their performances by sound of trumpet and in the absence of any noise from vehicles, this method, although primitive, proved effective enough. Such was the custom in force during Shakespeare's stay in London, although some little while before that period it had become common to affix printed bills to the doorposts of the theatres in addition to blowing the trumpet. This was probably the earliest form of playbill, and the first record of it being used dates back as far as 1553. In that year Strype, in his "Life of Grindal," stating the objections of the archbishop to dramatic amusements, mentions that he represented to the Queen's Secretary that the players "did then daily, but especially on the holidays, set up their bills inviting to plays." What these primitive playbills were like, or how they were worded, is a matter regarding which we have no information, not even a solitary specimen having been preserved to gladden the heart of some enthusiastic collector. Whether the names of the characters in the plays were printed with those of the actors who formed the cast, cannot be determined. The famous Shakespearean commentator, Malone, states distinctly that the names were not given; and although his assertion seems to have been made pretty much at haphazard, he was probably correct in his conclusion. At what time the custom of printing the *dramatis personæ* and names of actors filling the parts was adopted, there is no means of determining with any degree of precision. The earliest playbill known to be in existence distinctly gives both names of characters and actors. It is dated 1663 and reads as follows:

BY HIS MAJESTY'S COMPANY OF COMEDIANS,

At the New Theatre in Drury Lane.

This day, being Thursday, April 8, 1663, will be acted.

A COMEDY, CALLED

THE HUMOUROUS LIEUTENANT.

The King.....	Mr. Wintersel.
Demetrius.....	Mr. Hart.
Seleucus.....	Mr. Burt.
Leontius.....	Major Mohun.
Lieutenant.....	Mr. Clun.
Celia.....	Mrs. Marshall.

The play will begin at three o'clock exactly.

Boxes, 4s.; Pitt, 2s. 6d.; Middle Gallery, 1s. 6d.; Upper Gallery, 1s.

It is printed on one side of a small quarto sheet of handmade paper, in plain but distinct type, and in all the essential requisites for a programme, it is as complete and useful as any of the productions of the present day.—Ed. THE COLLECTOR.

A writer in *The Graphic*, of London, says: "I see it stated that Herr Natter, the distinguished Austrian sculptor, who died recently in Vienna, was in his youth a wood-carver, and by the practice of his humble craft rose to eminence in the highest of the plastic arts. Now, not a few of the best-known artists of this country have served a similar apprenticeship. Sir Francis Chantrey, who died worth a hundred thousand pounds, rose from the carving of ships' figureheads, through second-class portrait-painting, to quarry in the gold mine of his very respectable, if not transcendent, talents. The first serious efforts in art of Professor Herkomer and of Mr. Seymour Lucas were made with the gauge and chisel on a block of wood. James Burnet, too, practiced as a wood-carver, and Opie professed the baser craft of a carpenter, and Romney of a cabinet-maker. It is only another illustration of the truth that to the real artist the medium is nothing—nothing but a means to reach a higher end."